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SELECTIONS.

NATIONAL PREJUDICES OVERCOME ; OR THE HISTORY OF SIR GEORGE OLIVER.

[From the French.]

(Concluded from page 220.)

THE Chevalier having returned to his uncle, found him serene and even gay ; he was at a loss to imagine what could be the cause of this sudden change. But the Captain addressing him, You go to-morrow, said he, for the army ; I will send with you a letter ; but you must give me your word of honor, that you will not open it till you shall know that our forces both by sea and land have left this country. The Chevalier promised he would not ; and went to prepare himself for his departure.

Maria passed the whole night in writing ; beginning again, tearing to pieces, and writing anew the letter for her brothers. What embarrassment to her ! Yet she must obey her father. She must tell every thing, and yet she doubted not but Sir George must needs see this so difficult letter ; and she was even ignorant who was to be the bearer of it.

Charles, meanwhile, assisted his friend in getting ready ; and during this occupation the day began to dawn. His father came early in the morning, and ordered him to go and call Maria, and conduct her to the Captain's apartment, where he intended giving breakfast to the

Chevalier before his departure. The appointed hour arrives ; the trembling Maria appears for the first time before her father, the Captain, the Chevalier, and her brother. The breakfast was but a melancholy one. Sir George, at last, demands of his daughter the letter for her brothers. She drew it out from her pocket, and with a trembling hand gave it to her father without being sealed. Why is it not sealed ? said he ; do it immediately. Maria obeys, and presents it to him again. It is not to me, it is to the Chevalier you must give it ; he is just going to join the army. She stretched out her arm to the Chevalier, her strength failed her, she dropped the letter, and fainted away. The Chevalier threw himself in tears at her feet. This affecting scene even moved at last the stern Sir George ; and looking attentively at the uncle, I wish, said he, I may lose my wagger. Maria was now recovered from her swoon ; and the captain had the cruelty to demand, that she should herself give the letter she had made up for his nephew. Scarcely had he it in his hands, when he snatched himself by flight from a terrible situation which he could no longer support, and departed.

It is impossible to describe the distressing situation they were all in at this separation. Let us follow the Chevalier. The affair of York-Town was soon ended—one of the brothers of Maria was wounded, and the Chevalier took a truly brotherly care of him. As soon as the capitulation was signed, the French army embarked, and set sail for the Antilles. The Chevalier then opened his uncle's letter. It contained only these words—“ If all the French army quits the continent, “ come instantly with the sons of Sir George to rejoin “ your friend and all you have most dear in the world.” The Chevalier, full of hope and love, obtained a passport, and brought along with him the two brothers to Sir George's house. He had beforehand instructed his uncle, so that at his arrival, the uncle, Sir George, Charles and Maria, were convened to meet the three warriors. And Sir George, addressing himself to the Chevalier, presented him his daughter, saying, I have

lost my wager ; there is your bride.—The felicity of this happy family was greatly increased by this marriage, and the re-establishment of the Captain's health.—And after a few months, the new married couple returned to France, with their brother Charles. Sir George Oliver, recovered of his error, loaded them with presents, and requested that his daughter's first child should be called George-Louis. This honest planter was anxious also to make amends for his former injustice. The French, said he incessantly to his children, are generous as their king ; love them as I have done since I have become acquainted with them. We have much to do in order to acquit ourselves towards them and their sovereign.

THE VISION OF HAMID.

An Eastern Tale.

IT is an allowed truth, that virtue is necessary for the enjoyment of sublunary happiness. But virtue may be divided into various classes ; among the foremost of which ranks unfeigned benevolence, or an ardent desire to do good to all around us ; this is not an ornamental quality only, but the rarest endowment of the human mind. On its possessors it entails the greatest honor and also the highest delight. For what satisfaction can equal that which arises from the consciousness of having wiped away the tear of distress. Sensual pleasures, when pursued for a season, vanish, and only remain on the memory “as a tale that is told,” with the addition of self-reproach ; whereas, beneficence, as an evergreen, continually flourishes, and affords living memorials of its intrinsic worth. To relieve a virtuous family in distress—to be the instrument of preservation to a fellow mortal---yields a satisfaction far superior to the glitter of ostentatious grandeur, or the frivolities of vice.

How many immense sums are daily lavished by the affluent in the pomp of retinue, equipage, and dress !—How large a quantity of viands from the dinner of one

epicure, might, if properly employed, redeem many from the horrors of famine ! The rich man wonders that he is unhappy, yet is ignorant of the cause—he becomes more extravagant, and then expects felicity ;—fatal mistake ! When on the bed of sickness, the prayers of the fatherless and the widow are not offered up for his recovery ; and when he dies, he is unlamented ; neither the tear of gratitude, nor the sigh of heart-felt sorrow, bewail his loss ! But the man who is benevolent is beloved and revered during life—when dead, he is deplored with the tenderness of friendship, and his memory is cherished.

Al-Houssain was respected, not only in the city of Damascus, but also throughout the extensive empire of the East, for the integrity of his manners, and the uprightness of his conduct. He resembled the sun illuminating the world with his presence, or the refreshing shower, restoring verdure around. He was a father to the indigent, beloved by his slaves, and never gave way to the impulse of passion, nor the gratifications of sensuality, but was one of Allah's truest adorers. A life uniformly happy, there was only one circumstance to disturb Al-Houssain. He had an only son named Hamid, on whom he had bestowed every accomplishment ; but who, departing from the paths of virtue, refused all society, except that of the vicious and abandoned.— Houssain made many attempts to reclaim him from his course of folly ; but naturally self-willed, opiniated, and haughty, he resisted both entreaties and commands, and rendered his father miserable by his imprudence.— Al-Houssain bore this affliction with unyielded constancy, and showed, in the general tenor of his life, the superior meekness of resignation. His last hour at length approached ; but before the angel of peace had sealed his eyes, he thus addressed his son, whom the rumour of his approaching death had brought near his couch, anticipating with inward joy the possession of so much wealth.

“ O my son ! thou seest my approaching end ; but
“ the will of Omnipotence be done ! Hear now my

“ counsel, and regard my words ; let me conjure thee, “ as thou wilt now enjoy my treasures, which I have “ accumulated, not by defrauding the helpless, not by “ trampling on the rights of society, but by honest “ traffic and industry, to let thy manners be tempered “ with prudence and discretion. Let not the insidious “ parasite, or treacherous friend tempt thee to riot in “ dissipation ; this cannot bestow on thee serenity of “ mind, but will heap up misfortune. Let me conjure “ thee, Hamid, by the creed of the faithful, to be be- “ nevolent—this is the hidden spring from which every “ earthly felicity must arise. It is this which must “ soften the pangs of torment, and alleviate the pains “ of mortality. But, above all, remember that man “ without religion resembles the traveller in the desert “ —the big clouds of fate gather round his head ; the “ thunder rolls, and the lightning flashes through the “ sky, while no shelter presents itself before him.”

He said no more, for his happy spirit had winged its flight into eternity ; and Hamid beheld with pleasure his limbs grow cold in death. He allowed himself little time to reflect on the advice he had received ; but considered it only as the fearful admonition of a dying man, and determined, by immediately enjoying himself free from controul, to prove its fallacy. Soon were the sounds of music and festivity heard in those apartments where Al-Houssain still remained a corpse ; and Hamid, forgetful of filial respect and duty, immediately after his father's interment, opened his doors to all the votaries of pleasure, and his mansion was the constant resort of the gay and the luxurious. Every thing was most sumptuous around him, and hundreds of slaves awaited his pleasure. Art was exhausted to decorate his apartments, and beauties from every nation crowded his haram.

For the course of a few short moons he could rise with pleasure to the same round of amusements, and could expatiate with rapture on the gay flattery of his pretended friends ; but fate at length put a period to these enjoyments, and tortured the breast of Hamid

with anger and wretchedness. As he was one day passing through the streets, a female form of peculiar elegance attracted his attention, and the meanness of her dress served the better to set off her charms. He caused his slaves to follow, and make diligent inquiry concerning her, and from them he soon learned that she was the only daughter of Al-Couzan, an aged mussulman, and extremely indigent ; that her father was beloved in his neighbourhood, for his probity and virtue ; that he was once affluent, but reduced to poverty by unavoidable losses ; and that his lovely daughter was the only remaining pledge of former happiness. Such was the account that Hamid received. Here was an opportunity to practise that virtuous benevolence which his father had recommended, and to retrieve the good Al-Couzan, and his lovely daughter Zamira, from indigence. But far other thoughts occupied the breast of the son of Al-Houssain ; he was fired with her beauty, and determined, by forming an acquaintance with the father, to secure a mistress in Zamira. But vain were his attempts ! her inseparable virtue remained unshaken ; neither the glare of grandeur, nor the frowns of oppression, could abate her resistance. Little accustomed to such rejection, the haughty mind of Hamid was distract ed with anger and disappointment ; and now fruitless attempts to secure her, made him still more wretched. -- Gloomy discontent sat imprinted on his visage, and the sorrow of his soul shewed itself in his anger to those around him. No longer could the loud bursts of laughter, the midnight debauch, or the riches of the East, heaped up in his treasures, afford him satisfaction. He was sickened with life, he was tired of the world, and inwardly repining at the decrees of heaven, he broke forth into the following exclamation. “ O, Allah ! why dost thou feign to do good to thy creatures by giving them riches ? — Have I not proved the fallacy of thy gifts ? And why dost thou, under the semblance of blessings, curse mankind ? It is true, thou hast given me wealth, but happiness is a stranger to my bosom. Dost thou then delight to trifle with thy crea-

“ tures, and inflict on them torments, solely to try thy power?—I am the lord of boundless possessions, and slaves crouch before my presence. I am renowned through the East for the beauties of my harem; and every wind wafts riches to my treasure. But still I feel no enjoyment in those objects, since my darling wish is defeated, and Zamira eludes my possession.— I consider myself as miserable, and the world as a wilderness. I will now bid defiance to the threats and revenge of Al-Couzan, and secure his daughter by force, in spite of her lamentations.” But here the terrors of justice gleamed across his mind, and he as hastily gave up the determination as he had formed it.

The violence of this transport, and his former exertions, threw him into a deep slumber; but the same objects still occurred, and presented the following vision to his imagination. He thought his mind bordered on the verge of madness, and that he had lifted up his arm to plunge a poignard into his bosom, when the apartment shook from its foundation, and a genius, arrayed in robes of the purest white, stood before him. The dagger dropped from his hand, and he fell almost lifeless, on the floor. “ Mortal,” said the genius, “ cease to accuse Allah with thy impieties, nor dare to take away a life which thou didst not bestow! Rise, and hear the purpose for which Omnipotence sent me to thee. I am bid to tell thee that thou hast mistaken the way to happiness; and, in departing from the instructions of thy father Houssain, thou hast lost sight of every blessing. It is true thy sins are numerous, and deserve a far different return from Allah; but he is merciful, and taking pity on thy youth, has sent me to advise thee. Thou complainest of misery! short-sighted mortal! What availed thy riches, since they were only lavished on luxury, and the ministers of thy vicious pleasures!----Hast thou performed the task of benevolence? Hast thou sought out the haunts of wickedness, and relieved want with thy superfluities?----Thy own conscience condemns thee!

“ Hast thou not, in the present instance, instead of relieving the poverty of Al-Couzan, sought to render him still more abject, by attempting the virtue of his daughter?”—With trembling voice the son of Al-Houssain now addressed the genius. “ Fool that I was” said he, “ to accuse the bounteous Allah for my own errors! Did I hope that the curies of a worm could injure Omnipotence? Oh! then, inform me how to become possessed of that invaluable treasure, happiness!”—“ Thou must,” replied the genius, “ omit no opportunity of doing good; for to do good is the way to find it. Banish useless luxury from thy mansion, and relieve the indigent. Allah will then pour blessings on thy head, and thy life will be uniformly happy”

Scarcely had he spoken these words, when Hamid awoke from his slumber, and staring wildly around, expected to see the phantom of his dream. He at length recovered, but the vision had made so strong an impression on his mind, that he resolved to amend his ill-spent life.

In a few days he parted with his too numerous attendants, and reformed every luxury. But these were only the smaller efforts of his reformation; he had still the greater objects in view;----to dismiss his haram, to raise Al-Couzan from indigence, and to request the plighted vows of the lovely Zamira before the altars of the faithful. Al-Couzan received the proposals of Hamid with unfeigned surprize and pleasure; Zamira happy in such a lover, became his wife. The wild transports of irregular passion were now calmed into serenity of joy; happiness beamed in those features which had long been strangers to felicity. Universally respected and beloved for the goodness of their hearts, the son of Al-Houssain, and his lovely bride Zamira, lived long and happy; no bitterness disturbed their pleasures, but each revolving year brought new blessings in its train. Thus in Hamid was proved the vanity of selfish pleasure; and in him, also the sublime delights of beneficence and virtue.

ANECDOTE OF ADMIRAL SIR T. HOBSON.

THIS extraordinary man was born at Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight. He was left an orphan at a very early age, and apprenticed by the parish to a tailor—a species of employment ill suited to his enterprising spirit. As he was one day sitting alone on the shop board, casting his eyes towards the sea, he was struck with the appearance of a squadron of men-of-war coming round Dunnoe; and following the first impulse of his fancy, he quitted his work and ran down to the beach, when he cast off the painter from the first boat he saw, jumped on board, and plied the oars so well, that he quickly reached the Admiral's ship, where he entered as a volunteer, turned the boat adrift, and bade adieu to his native place. Early the next morning the admiral fell in with a French squadron, and in a few hours a warm action commenced, which was fought on both sides with equal bravery. During this time Hobson obeyed his orders with great cheerfulness and alacrity; but after fighting two hours he became impatient, and enquired of the sailors what was the object for which they were contending? On being told the action must continue till the white flag at the enemy's mast head was struck, he exclaimed, "Oh, if that's all, I'll see what I can do!" At this moment the ships were engaged yard arm and yard arm, and obscured in the smoke of the guns. Our young hero took advantage of this circumstance, determined either to haul down the enemy's colors, or perish in the attempt. He accordingly mounted the shrouds unperceived, walked the horse of the main-yard, gained that of the French admiral, and ascending with agility to the main top-mast head, struck and carried off the French flag with which he returned; and at the moment he gained his own ship, the British tars shouted "victory," without any other cause than that the enemy's flag had disappeared. The crew of the French ship being thrown into confusion, in consequence of the loss of their colors, ran from their guns, and while the admiral

and officers, equally surprised at the event, were endeavoring to rally them, the British tars seized the opportunity, boarded the vessel and took her. Hobson at this juncture descended the shrouds with the French admiral's flag wound round his arm, and displayed it triumphantly to the sailors on the main-deck, who received his prize with the utmost rapture and astonishment. This heroic action being mentioned on the quarter-deck, Hobson was ordered to attend there ; and the officers, far from giving him credit for his gallantry, gratified their envy by brow-beating him, and threatening him with punishment for his audacity ; but the admiral, on hearing of the exploit, observed a very opposite conduct. " My lad," said he to Hobson, " I believe you to be a very brave young man ; from this day I order you to walk the quarter-deck, and according to your future conduct, you shall obtain my patronage and protection." Hobson soon convinced his patron that the countenance shown him was not misplaced. He went rapidly and satisfactorily through the several ranks of the service, until he became an admiral.

COMTESSE DE GENLIS.

THIS celebrated lady, whose writings are well known to the public, was selected in early life, by the late Duke of Orleans, as preceptress to his two sons ; and how well she was qualified for that office may be seen in her numerous works on education and morals. Her "*Theatre of Education*" has uncommon merit, being at once captivating and instructive. In less than a year from its first publication, it was translated into no fewer than six foreign languages. It is impossible to array goodness in a garb more natural or more becoming than is done in these little comedies. By this species of drama habits of virtue are most strongly impressed ; for in common with fable and narration, it exhibits moral truth before the youthful fancy in lively and pleasing

colors, and obtains for it a free admission into the heart, by combining it with characters and scenes adapted to interest the passions ; and, beside this, it has the peculiar advantages of engaging the attention, by the gradual unfolding of the plot ; giving an air of reality to fiction, by character and dialogue. In fact, though those pieces were written for the use of children, they are not confined to the improvement of the young ; persons of all ages, of all ranks, and professions, may discover in them useful hints for the regulation of their conduct in the most important situations of life.

Her "*Annals of Virtue*," "*Adelaide and Theodore*," &c. &c. all have the same moral tendency, and afford like amusement. Beside which, this Lady has published "*Rash Vows*," "*The Rival Mothers*," and we believe some other agreeable novels.

Having lost her husband under the sanguinary tyranny of Robespierre, Madame de Genlis sought an asylum from revolutionary horrors in the Duchy of Holstein, at a village called Silk, about fifteen miles from Hamburg ; where, we believe, she still resides, with her niece, on a farm in the occupation of her son-in-law, General Valence.

ACCOUNT OF A HINDOO DEVOTEE.

(*From Captain Turner's "Account of an Embassy to the Court of the Tesboo Lama, in Tibet."*)

THE Goefin Pranpooree exhibited so extraordinary an instance of religious penance, that I cannot resist the temptation of relating some particulars of his life.

Having been adopted by a Hindoo devotee, and educated by him in the rigid tenets of his religion, he was yet young when he commenced the course of his extraordinary mortifications. The first vow which the plan of life he had chosen to himself induced him to make, was to continue perpetually upon his legs, and neither to sit down upon the ground nor lie down to rest, for the

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space of twelve years. All this time he told me he had employed in wandering through different countries. When I enquired how he took the indispensable refreshment of sleep, when wearied with fatigue, he said, that at first, to prevent his falling, he used to be tied with ropes to some tree or post; but that this precaution, after some time, became unnecessary, and he was able to sleep standing without such support.

The complete term of his first penance being expired, the next he undertook was to hold his hands, locked in each other, over his head, the fingers of one hand dividing those of the other, for the same space of twelve years. Whether this particular period is chosen in compliment to the twelve signs of the Zodiac, or to the Indian cycle of twelve years, I cannot decide. He was still determined not to dwell in any fixed abode; so that before the term of his vow could be accomplished, he had travelled over the greater part of the continent of Asia. He first set out by crossing the peninsula of India, through Guzerat. He then passed by Surat to Bussora, and thence to Constantinople. From Turkey he went to Ispahan, and sojourned so long among the different Persian tribes as to obtain a considerable knowledge of their language, in which he conversed with tolerable ease. In his passage from thence towards Russia, he fell in with the Kassucs (hordes of Coffacs) upon the borders of the Caspian sea, where he narrowly escaped being condemned to perpetual slavery; but at length he was suffered to pass on, and reached Moscow. He then travelled through the northern boundary of the Russian empire, and through Siberia arrived at Pekin in China, from whence he came through Tibet, by the way of Teshoo Loomboo, and Nipal, down to Calcutta.

When I first saw him at this place, in the year 1783, he rode upon a pie-bald Tangun horse, from Bootan, and wore a satin embroidered dress, given to him by Teshoo Lama, of which he was not a little vain. He was robust and hale; and his complexion, contrasted with a long bushy black beard, appeared really florid. I do

not suppose that he was then forty years of age. Two Goseins attended him, and assisted him in mounting and alighting from his horse. Indeed he was indebted to them for the assistance of their hands on every occasion; his own being fixed and immoveable in the position in which he had placed them, were of course perfectly useless.

The circulation of blood seemed to have forsaken his arms; they were withered, void of sensation, and inflexible. Yet he spoke to me with confidence of recovering the use of them, and mentioned his intention to take them down the following year, when the term of his penance would expire.

Other Goseins assured me, though I could not help doubting the fact, that it is practicable to restore withered limbs, thus circumstanced, to perfect use. This is effected they say, though not without great labor and some pain, by means of long continued friction, before a large fire, with a certain ointment which they compound. To complete the full measure of his religious penance, I understand that there still remained two other experiments for Pranpooree to perform. In the first of these, the devotee is suspended by the feet to a branch of a tree, over a fire, which is kept in a continual blaze, and swung backwards and forwards, his hair passing through the flame, for one pahr and a quarter, that is three hours and three quarters. Having passed through this fiery trial, he may then prepare himself, for the last act of probation, which is to be buried alive, standing upright in a pit dug for the purpose; the fresh earth being thrown in upon him, so that he is completely covered. In this situation he must remain for one pahr and a quarter, that is, three hours and three quarters; and if at the expiration of that time, on the removal of the earth, he should be found alive, he will ascend into the highest rank among the most pure of the Yogeey (Jugi.)

ON LYING.

"Of all the vices, there is none more criminal, more mean, and more ridiculous than LYING. It generally proceeds from vanity, cowardice, and a revengeful disposition, and sometimes from a mistaken notion of self-defence."

CHESTERFIELD.

ALTHOUGH lying may be considered as a venial crime, when put in competition with some others; yet still when it is viewed in its *real* colors, and examined *thoroughly*, it is not less "criminal" than others, which at first sight appear more glaringly "ridiculous." The reason is obvious; it is much more prevalent, and consequently looked upon in a more favorable light: for such is the opinion of the misguided world, that whatever is *fashionable*, whether it is criminal, disgusting, or even *infamous*, if it only be followed by the votaries of fashion, it immediately acquires a recommendation, which overpowers every rational consideration.

Lying has many pernicious effects; it has caused the most sincere friends to become the most inveterate enemies; it has proved itself the bane of domestic happiness, in numerous instances; and, in innumerable ways has it betrayed itself the descendent of its *famous* or rather *infamous* ancestor, the *great Abaddon*. In fact, language is too feeble to paint this notorious vice in its genuine colors.

Of the many pernicious consequences resulting from lying, some of which end fatally, an instance is exemplified in the following tale, the outlines of which are founded on fact.

PHILEMON and JUSTIN were the most sincere friends. From being intimates at school when children, they had in maturer years cemented a friendship founded on the most solid basis. It was the misfortune of Justin to be bereft of his heart by LAURA; and shortly after he had the pleasure of receiving her's in return. All things appeared to be in a fair train; and it was supposed that Justin would soon have the felicity of hailing Laura as his bride. But an obstacle here presented itself in the person of her brother. Laura's grandmother had willed 10,000 pounds to her if she married, if she

remained single, it was to fall to her brother. He to gain this sum, endeavored, by the most horrid falsehoods, to sow the seeds of jealousy between the lovers, but was for a long time unsuccessful. A letter (forged by the brother) the superscription of which he thought to be Laura's, was brought to Justin by one of his own servants, who had been bribed by her brother to say it had fallen from the pocket of Philemon; the contents of which were :

“ DEAR PHILEMON,

“ Why have you been so long from your Laura? She has, in your absence, been pestered with the visits of Justin, who presses her to consent to a marriage; which you know is odious to her, as she has sworn that she never will be the bride of any other than Philemon. Haste then, and let me repose in your breast the sorrows of

“ LAURA.”

Justin was thunderstruck; he waited not a moment longer than to take from the wall a pair of pistols, and load them; and then hastened after the innocent, but injured Philemon. He found him reading in the garden; after calling him by the most insulting epithets, he threw him the letter, and one of the pistols; and desired him to defend himself. In vain Philemon protested his innocence, in vain he declared he knew nothing of the letter; Justin was determined to sacrifice or be sacrificed—“ Infamous villain! take this weapon and defend yourself from an injured man, whose life you have rendered miserable; I will hear none of your paltry and cowardly evasions; take it, or I will chastise you for a coward!” Calm as Philemon was, this was more than he could bear; he took the pistol; both fired at the same instant; and each received a mortal wound!

I make no comments; I leave it to my readers to form their conclusions, whether lying is not in its consequences, frequently the most destructive of all vices.

NEERA.

WOULD you know the history of all the gallantries in a great city, address yourself to a lady. The ladies keep an exact register of all their adventures, and do not pardon the slightest weakness. Should a young girl be betrayed by her lover, she will never find consolation among her own sex: the friends of her infancy become her severest judges.—Do you wish to know the baneful consequences that sometimes attend this rigor mutually exercised on women by each other—listen to a short anecdote which I read yesterday in an old Italian author:† and may a spirit of toleration establish itself in your manners and opinions!

The young Neera dwelt in the province of Otranto: an old aunt was her substitute for a mother. Her fortune was small: her beauty attracted every eye.—Near her humble dwelling there lived, in the Castle of Castrignano, a very wealthy man: he saw Neera, and instantly formed a plan to seduce her.

You may believe he swore to love her all his life,—never to forsake her: they all use the same language.—Well! Neera, shut her ears to his protestations—and yet she loved him!—He addressed himself to the old woman: a little gold sufficed to draw her over to his interest. She never ceased to extol in the presence of Neera, the mental accomplishments of this fine young man.

One day, and never did he appear so amiable and so tender, he bound himself before heaven and the old lady, never to have any other wife than Neera.—The distressed damsel sighed, wept, blushed, and sunk into the arms of her lover. It was a fault:—she should not have confided in mere promises.—It is very true; but Oh, woman! I conjure you, do not blame it:—be content to lament it!—For some months Neera was happy; but the delicious hours of love pass so

NOTE.

† Bendelle, a Monk of the Fourteenth Century.

quickly away !—The two lovers, cautious at first, in the mystery of their caresses, began soon to betray it by negligence. The world believed them married.

Neera was the handsomest girl of the country ; but she was not the only beauty. Leontio publicly married a new mistress, and conducted her to his Castle.

The forsaken Neera wept night and day :—how shall she have courage to appear in the village ?—she thinks she already hears the satirical remarks of the inhabitants ;—she fears still more their insulting pity ;—she determines to go abroad no more.—Several days passed without her leaving her chamber, without her even opening her window.—She gave herself up entirely to sorrow !

On the day of a subsequent *fête* she saw several women seated at the door of a neighboring house, laughing and amusing themselves according to custom. She conceived a wish to join in their pleasures ; she was anxious to know how they should behave to her. There was a time when they all called her their “dear friend.”—Could they have the barbarity to shew her she had lost their esteem ?—She advances with a timid step and a beating heart ; she sits down, but not immediately in the circle. All is silence on her approach ; no one heeds her ; you would suppose she was not there.—In a little time, however, the conversation is renewed ; it turns upon various matters of little importance. Neera ventured to slide in a word, a single word, in a low voice.—An old maid contradicts her with sharpness. Neera endeavored to explain. This drew upon her the most abusive language.

“ Go, you unhappy wretch !—Leontio has treated you as you deserved.—Did you not know you were not his wife ?—and yet you have the impudence to shew yourself among women of virtue.”

At these words Neera, the feeling and unfortunate Neera, rises in silence ; runs rapidly to a neighboring well, and plunges in !—They run—they hasten to her relief ;—they take her out.—She is dead !

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SELECTED POETRY.

ODE,

WRITTEN BY

THOMAS PAINE, Esq.

*And sung at the Anniversary Celebration of the
"BOSTON FEMALE ASYLUM."*

I.

SHALL man, stern man, 'gainst heaven's behest,
His cold, unfeeling pride oppose :
To thankless wealth, unlock his breast,
Yet freeze his heart, to Orphans' woes ?
Weak Casuist ! where yon thunder broke,
Seest how the livid light'ning glares !
Behold it rives the *knotted Oak*,
But still the *humble Myrtle* spares.*

II.

Let stoic valour boldly brave
The wars and elements of life ;
But, *more like Heaven*, who stoops to save
A being, sinking in the strife :
Poor Exiles ! wandering o'er this sphere,
Thro' scenes of which *you form no part* ;
Lov'd Orphan Girls ! come welcome, here,
Th' Asylum of the human heart.

* *Merciful Heaven !*

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled Oak,
Than the soft Myrtle.

Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*

LINES

On seeing a LADY in a decline from ill treatment in a
LOVE AFFAIR.

OFT wand'ring in the mossy dale,
I've seen the lilly of the vale,
Unconscious of its doom,
To ev'ry piercing wind that blows,
To pearly dews and chilling snows,
Expand its beauteous bloom :

But ere the noon tide time appears,
The icy shower dissolv'd in tears,
Hangs lovely on the flow'r ;
Like many friendless victims born,
It drops beneath the leafless thorn,
The victim of an hour.

The flow'rs, in balmy breathing spring,
When shepherd boys and ploughmen sing,
Adorn again the grove ;
But loveliness will ne'er return
To LAURA, who must ever mourn,
The hour of hopeless love.

Yet when the clay-cold hand of death
Consigns thee to thy kindred earth,
Thy aching heart at rest ;
The muse will oft at ev'ning hours,
Protect the many beauteous flow'rs
With which thy turf is drest.

And oft deep shadow'd in the wild,
The sorrow of her fav'rite child,
In hollow'd accents mourn :
Or with some wand'ring spirit tread
The lonely pathways of the dead
To venerate her urn.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE MEDLEY.

SONG.

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

I.

MY golden hours I fear'd were o'er,
That my best days were soon to close,
For Love, bright Goddess, smil'd no more ;
But when a Shepherdess I chose,
My days were fairer than before.

II.

Tho' rigor clouds my brightest hours,
Yet still 'tis heaven, 'tis heav'n to love ;
Yes Love, sweet Love, all pain devours,
His glowing days of rapture prove,
His thorns are nought but flowers.

III.

Still my heart a sigh respires,
At times a tear my rest alarms ;
Torments I feel, I feel desires,
Even torments have their charms,
The pain of Love delight inspires.

IV.

My golden hours I see return,
And frigid scorn and frowns elope ;
The thoughts of past neglect I'll spurn,
Cheer'd by the soothing smile of hope,
Nor have ~~in~~ future cause to mourn.

THYRSIS.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

A much admired SONG.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,
 For his country he sigh'd when at twilight repairing,
 To wander alone by the wind beaten hill.
 But the day star attracted his eyes sad devotion,
 For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean;
 Where once in the glow of his youthful emotion,
 He sung the bold anthem of "ERIN GO BRAH."[†]

Oh! sad is my fate, said the heart broken stranger,
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can fly;
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
 A home and a country remain not for me!
 Ah never again in the green sunny bowers,
 Where my forefathers liv'd shall I spend the sweet hours;
 Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of "ERIN GO BRAH."

Erin, my country! tho' sad and forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
 But alas! in a far distant land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more;
 Pitiful fate, wilt thou never replace me,
 In mansion of bliss, where no perils can chase me?
 Ah never again shall my brothers embrace me?
 They died to defend, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door fast by the wild wood!
 Sisters, and fire, did you weep for its fall?
 Where is the mother that looked on my childhood,
 And where is the bosom still dearer than all?
 Ah! my sad soul! long abandoned by pleasure,

Why did it doat on a fast fading treasure?
 Tears, like the rain drop, may fall without measure,
 But rapture and beauty, they cannot recal.

Yet all its fond recollections suppressing,
 One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw ;
ERIN, an Exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
 Land of my fore-fathers "**ERIN GO BRAH.**"
 Buried, and cold, when my heart stills its motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean ;
 And thy harp-stringing bards, sing aloud with devotion,
ERIN MA VOURNEN, "**ERIN GO BRAH.**"

FRANK FID,

A SONG.

FRANK FID was a tar d'ye see,
 As true, as e'er handed a sail,
 Though the ship's gunnel in, yet still he
 Would laugh at the noise of the gale.
 With his grog 'gainst the storm he prepar'd,
 And squirted the juice of the quid,
 Now below, now tofs'd high on the yard,
 'Twas all just the same to **FRANK FID.**

One day, off the Cape of Good Hope,
 As head to the wind lying to,
 His foot took the bite of a rope,
 And bldg'd poor **FRANK**'s skull on the ~~fluke~~ :
 The doctor was sounding his brain,
 While the blood from his scuppers ran fast ;
 "Avast!" he cried, "caulking's in vain
 For Death has sheer-hulk'd me at last.

"Come mess-mates no longer deplore ;
 What's life? but a squall at the best !
 And tho'f I can cheer you no more,

† The sailor's abridgement of the Fluke of the anchor.

I mount to the truck of the blest;
 I never fear'd danger nor toil,
 While an inch of life's brace stood the shock,
 But now the last flake of my coil
 Is receiv'd through eternity's block.

" Through life's stormy sea as I sail'd,
 By the compas's of Friendship I steer'd,
 And ne'er by Distress was I hail'd
 But my lockers still open appear'd;
 And whilst, with a shot they were bor'd,
 None ever unaided went by.
 When prog they no more would afford,
 I gave all I had—'twas a figh !

" I feel I must weigh—while I speak
 Death's Capstan heaves short on my heart—
 My Anchor is almost a peak—
 What then ! I have acted my part :
 Safe birth'd in Felicity's bay,
 I shall ride by the Kedge of Delight !
 Gi's your hands then"—No more he could say,
 His soul went aloft in our sight.

—•—
 SONNET.

AH ! why my heart thus nurse a flame,
 Which Reason should remove ?
 Why dwells remembrance on a name
 I dare no longer love ?

Yet, ah ! the bands affection wove
 Were twin'd with ev'ry thought :
 While Hope to guard the blossoms strove,
 Her soft'ring sunshine brought.
 And still, though droops the rose of Love,
 Its with'ring sweets are dear ;
 Nor can I from this heart remove
 The thorn that rankles there.

Fond mem'ry cherishes each faded joy,
 And Passion spares what Reason should destroy.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE MEDLEY.

A TEAR TO HUME.

IMMORTAL Hume ! thy name shall shine sublime,
And triumph, greatly o'er the car of Time ;
Thy fame will spread; while genius has a friend,
Thy talents be admired, till time shall have an end.
Let vain pretenders blight thy fairest fame,
And musty schoolmen deprecate thy name ;
Let stupid priests thy mighty powers deride,
And fools presumptuous burst with turgid pride ;
The feeling soul, the sympathetic mind
Will weep a tear, half-o'er thy tomb reclin'd ;
And say, while listnening to the winter's blast
That howls relentless o'er thy sacred manes,
" Ah cruel death ! why snatch this reverend prize,
" And close it in unceasing darkness from our eyes ?
" Infatiate victor ! spare the great, the good,
" Bear in their place, the useless down the flood."
This is, immortal Hume ! the sage's dirge,
Which ne'er will cease till worlds from worlds emerge.

THE PHILANTHROPIST

PROFOUNDITY—AN EPIGRAM.

PROFOUNDEST quibbler of the quibbling race,
Quiblerus, rose with most important face,
Audres'd the learned bench—and as he spoke,
Out flew the texts, from Blackstone, Hale and Coke.—
" Your honours know me deeply skill'd in laws,
" And clear as light I'll prove this weighty cause ;
" But stop—'tis fit your honours first should know,
" The only living witness, died ten years ago."

FOR THE MEDLEY.

Amorem vicimus.

SONG.

I.

OH ! with what rapture do I gaze
 On my charming Isabell,
 When I behold her lovely eyes
 Desire in vain I try to quell.

Tho' she hears me complain,
 Yet she laughs at my pain ;
 Oh ! was ever a lover so sad,
 Was ever a lover so sad.

II.

I sigh and languish all the day,
 And hope I may her pity move,
 I know not what I do or say,
 And think of nought, of nought but love.
 'Tho' she hears me complain,
 Yet she laughs at my pain ;
 Oh ! was ever a lover sad,
 Was ever a lover so sad.

III.

And ah ! the cruel fickle fair
 Coquette's it still with many a beau ;
 Admires Will's strutting, foppish air,
 Whispers with Sam, or frisks with Joe ;
 Yet she hears me complain,
 And laughs at my pain—
 Oh ! was ever a lover so sad
 Was ever a lover so sad.

IV.

But since she'll not submit to love,
 I'll seek some pleasant distant shore ;
 And then I swear by mighty Jove,
 I'll never hear, or see her more ;
 She'll not hear me complain
 Nor laugh at my pain,
 And I shall no more, no more be sad,
 No longer, no longer be sad.

SELECTED POETRY.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

BORNE to the rocky bed's extremest brow,
The flood leaps headlong, nor a moment waits ;
To join the whirlpool deep and vast below,
The saltless ocean* hurries thro' the straits.

Hoarse roars the broken wave ; and upward driv'n
Dashes in air ;—dissolving vapours press'd,
Confound the troubled elements with heaven :—
Earth quakes beneath ; heart trembles in the breast.

With steps uncertain to a jutting rock
To gaze upon th' immense abyss, I hie.
And all my senses feel a horrid shock,
As down the steep I turn my dizzy eye.

On cloudy steams I take a flight sublime,
Leaving the world and nature's works behind ;
And as the pure empyreal height I climb,
Reflect with rapture on th' IMMORTAL MIND.

VANESSA's ODE TO SPRING.

HAIL ! blushing Goddess, beautius Spring,
Who in thy jocund train dost bring
Loves and Graces, smiling hours,
Balmy breezes, fragrant flowers ;
Come with tints of roseate hue
Nature's faded charms renew.

Yet why should I thy presence hail ?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets, no more the rose
With such transcendant beauty blows,
As when CADMUS blest the scene,
And shar'd with me those joys serene ;

* Lake Erie.

When unperceiv'd the lambent fire
 Of friendship kindled new desire :
 Still list'ning to his tuneful tongue,
 The truths which angels might have sung
 Divine impress their gentle sway,
 And sweetly stole my soul away.

My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
 Dear names ! in one idea blend ;
 Oh ! still conjoin'd your incense rise,
 And waft sweet odours to the skies.

PIGRAMS.

*On the newly imported Female mode of wearing
 Watches in the Bosom.*

AMONG our Fashionable Bands,
 No wonder now if time should linger ;
 Allow'd to place his two rude bands
 Where others dare not lay a finger.

YOU'VE stol'n my ravish'd soul away,
 Maria pity my despair ;
 Return it to its place, I pray,
 Or take my body in thy care.

ON A WATCH.

COULD but our tempers move like this machine,
 Not urg'd by passion, nor delay'd by spleen ;
 And true to nature's regulating pow'r,
 By virtuous acts distinguish ev'ry hour ;
 Then health and joy wou'd follow as they ought
 The laws of motion and the laws of thought :
 Sweet health to pass the present moments o'er,
 And everlasting joy when time shall be no more.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE MEDLEY.

ODE.

O dulces comitum valete coetus. CATULLUS.

'TIS true I love with mirth elate,
The sparkling glafs to circulate,
And laugh my cares away ;
But comrades of the feast attend,
Forbear in drink the nights to spend,
When pleasure rules the day.

For now the spring revives the year,
And Equinoctial tempests drear,
With March forfake the plain ;
The groves put on their vernal bloom,
The forest breathes a rich perfume,
The landscape smiles again.

The herds no more delight in stalls,
But graze the mead ; and April calls
The plowman to the field—
The swallow leaves her wat'ry bed,
Where long she lay, by instinct led,
From wintry snows conceal'd.

The youthful mind now sighs to rove,
Each breeze inspires new life and love,
And music wakes around ;
Now village lads and maids are seen,
To dance by moon-light on the green,
To rustic vi'lin's sound.

Their vows, now whisp'ring lovers plight,
Whilst ev'ning shades and friendly night,
The virgin blush conceals ;

At first abash'd, the maiden shrinks—
Then on his raptur'd bosom sinks,
And all her love reveals.

Haste to my close and clust'ring bowers,
And cull a wreath of choicest flowers,
To grace my CHLOE's hair;
But no, forbear, the task decline—
Art cannot make her more divine—
The loveliest of the fair.

'Tis now the vet'ran seeks new scars,
And poets mount amid the stars,
On fancy's wing sublime.

The vernal hours, the ides of May,
The fleeting years glide fast away.—

IMPROVE THE PRESENT TIME.

Then comrades of the feast attend,
Forbear the nights in mirth to spend,
When snows do not detain—

When winter's clouds obscure the day,
We'll laugh, and drink his storms away,
Till spring returns again.

HILARIS.

ODE TO HOPE.

By A YOUNG GENTLEMAN OF LEXINGTON.

WHY on our circling years does Hope attend,
And paint the fairy prospect bright as day?
Like the kind star that glimmers o'er the main,
To guide the lonely seaman on his way?

Why, when despair, with haggard, downcast eye,
Spreads her dark mantle o'er the tortur'd mind,
Does Hope, serene, forbid our tears to flow,
And give our sorrows to the whist'ling wind?

Why, when the wint'ry storms around us howl,
 And cheerless poverty is hear'd to sigh,
 Does Hope her aid with kindest care bestow,
 And wipe the trickling sorrows from the eye !

'Tis thee, eternal fountain of our joys,
 That spreads delusion through thy wondrous plan,
 To smooth the rugged path of cumb'rous life,
 And court obedience from the heart of man.

Or else despair had check'd his tow'ring soul,
 Or sorrow spread o'er life her sable wing ;
 Nor would creation smile from pole to pole—
 Thy rose would fade, thy birds forget to sing.

SELECTED POETRY.

BALLAD.

Ah ! why is thy countenance sad, gentle fair ?
 And why roll the tears from thine eye ?
 Hast thou wander'd all night expos'd to the air ?
 Beneath this cold winterly sky ?

Ah ! why swells thy bosom with sighs, gentle fair ?
 And why drops thy head on thy breast ?
 Art thou doom'd the harsh frowns of misfortune to bear ?
 And hast thou no home where to rest ?

Come tell me the cause of thy grief, gentle fair !
 Come tell me the cause of thy grief ;
 I'll pity thy sorrows, I'll lighten thy care ;
 Art thou poor ? I will give thee relief.

Yes, oft do I wander all night, friendly soul,
 And few are my moments of rest ;
 And I feel not the chill winds that thro' the trees howl,
 Nor the cold storm that beats on my breast.

For a shade far more dreary than night, friendly soul,
 Has hid ev'ry joy from my view ;
 And a blast that's more piercing than winds round the pole,
 Has chill'd my poor heart through and through.

More distant, kind soul, than harsh poverty's frown,
 More cold than the winter's sharp frost ;
 The bosom I once thought most friendly, is grown,
 The heart I most valu'd is lost.

Then ask not, kind heart, why the silent tears roll,
 Nor why swells my bosom with grief ;
 The friend whose unkindness has frozen my soul,
 Alone can afford it relief.

On Michael Angelo's famous piece of the Crucifixion, who stabbed a person, that he might do it the more naturally.

WHILST the Redeemer on the canvas dies,
 Stabb'd at his feet, his brother welt'ring lies ;
 The daring artist, cruelly serene,
 Views the pale cheek, and the distorted mein ;
 He drains off life by drops : and, deaf to cries,
 Examines ev'ry spirit as it flies ;
 He studies torments, dives in mortal woe,
 To rouse up ev'ry pang, repeats the blow ;
 Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
 Yet warm, transplanting to his Saviour's face.
 O glorious theft ! O nobly wicked draught !
 With its full charge of death each feature fraught !
 Such wondrous force the magic colours boast,
 From his own skill he starts, in horror lost.

To a bad Fiddler.

OLD Orpheus play'd so well, he mov'd Old Nick,
 Whilst thou mov'st nothing—but thy fiddle-stick.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

— LINES

On seeing Miss E—— B——, shed tears at the celebration of her marriage.—By a friend.

YE solemn pedagogues, who teach
A language by eight parts of speech,
Can any of you all impart,
A rule to conjugate the heart?
Gramarians did you ever try,
To construe and explain the eye,
And from the syntax of the face,
Decline its gender and its case?
What said the nuptial tear that fell
From fair Eliza, can you tell?
And yet it spoke upon her cheek
As eloquent as tear could speak.
"Here at God's altar as I stand,
"To plight my vows and yield my hand,
"With fault'ring tongue, whilst I proclaim
"The cession of my virgin name,
"Whilst in mine is read at large,
"The Rubric, stern, unsoften'd charge;
"Spare me, this silent pleader cries,
"Oh! spare me, 'tis the surrounding eyes;
"Usher'd amidst a blaze of light,
"Whilst here I pass in public sight,
"Or, kneeling by a father's side,
"Renounce the daughter for the bride.
"Ye sisters, to my soul so dear,
"Say, can I check the rising tear,
"When at this awful hour, I cast
"My mem'ry back on time that's past,
"Ungrateful were I to forbear
"This tribute to a parent's care;

" For all he suffer'd, all he taught,
 " Is there not due some tender thought?
 " And may not one fond tear be given,
 " To that dear saint that rests in heaven?
 " And you, to whom I now betroth,
 " In sight of heaven, my nuptial oath,
 " If my according bosom draws
 " One sigh, misconstrue not the cause;
 " Trust me, though weeping, I rejoice,
 " And blushing, glory in my choice."

THE ATHEIST AND THE ACORN.

'TWAS on a warm autumnal day,
 Reclin'd beneath an oak,
 A dull, complaining atheist lay,
 And to himself thus spoke:
 " That all things here have come by chance,
 " And not by God's decree,
 " Connot escape being seen by all
 " Who look up in this tree—
 " Behold, (quoth he) that mighty thing,
 " A pumpkin large and round,
 " Is borne but by a feeble string,
 " Which upward cannot make it spring,
 " Nor bear it from the ground.
 " Whilst on this tree, a fruit so small,
 " So disproportion'd hangs,
 " As plainly proves to every man,
 " It only came by chance."
 No more the cavileer could say,
 No further faults descry—
 For upwards gazing as he lay,
 An acorn, loosen'd from its stay,
 Fell down upon his eye.
 The wounded part with tears run o'er,
 As punish'd for the sin—
 Fool, had that bough a pumpkin bore,
 Thy whimsies would have been no more,
 Nor skull have kept them in.

SELECTED POETRY.

MUSIC.

BUT hark, the distant sound of music breaks
Harmonious on the silence of the hour.
Some lover breathes his soul in am'rous strains,
And sings the virtues of his absent maid ;
Or else unhappy, pours in plaintive notes,
The sad effusions of a burden'd heart.
O, could the unrelenting fair one hear,
If love or pity in her bosom dwell,
Such moving sounds would surely call them forth :
Transported and subdued, she'd sigh consent.

Now soft succeeds the full and swelling chords,
While tremors o'er my ravish'd senses glide,
The sport of fancy and its airy train.
Hail sacred Music ! mistress of the soul,
Whose charms afford the purest bliss on earth,
And can alone the purer bliss of Heaven describe.
When thy soft numbers strike th' enraptur'd ear,
Their magic powers harmonize the soul,
And calmly soothe each rougher passion there :
Lost in their sweetness, it forgets its pains,
While fancy wafts it from these earthly bounds
To happier regions, picturing angel forms
Hymning in all the harmony of heav'n
Their Maker's praise.

Music can, like the skilful artist's hand,
That gives to rude and uncouth stone, a form
Of nature's finest mould complete, so shape
To noblest thoughts, the mind that's uninformed,
A stranger to refinement's gentle charms—
E'en savage roughness at her touch assumes
An easy polish and a soften'd grace.
Whether she rouze with warlike sounds, the soul,

And point to glory through the battle's rage,
 Or melt to pity, or to love invite—
 Her mighty influence, still all nature owns.
 How oft, when fancy brooding night hath spread
 Her shadowy curtain to conceal my steps,
 Have I enraptur'd heard the melting sounds
 Of music floating in the list'ning breeze.
 What thrilling transports did my mind enslave!
 What visions of delight did fancy paint!
 Such bliss! but ah, they vanish'd with the sound.
 What pity that ideas so sublime
 And amiable, as harmony inspires,
 Should with it cease to influence the mind:
 For surely virtuous and heroic deeds
 Would oft'ner grace the annals of mankind,
 And *kindred harmony* would all pervade,
Could music always give the mind a tone.

FLORIO.

TRANSLATION FROM ANACREON.

ANACREON, (the girls declare)
 Sluggish age is drawing near.
 Take (they say) a looking glaſſ,
 And behold thy wrinkled face.
 Thy temples are bereft of hair,
 Poor old man! thy head is bare.
 If I have, or have not hair,
 I know not, nor do I care.
 If age approaches—this I know—
 'Tis high time to banish woe,
 To ſeize on joy, whilſt in my pow'r,
 And make the best of my laſt hour.

EPIGRAM.

SAID Celia to Damon can you tell me from whence
 I may know a coquette from a woman of ſenſe!
 Where the difference lies? "Yes," ſaid Damon, "I can,
 " Ev'ry man courts the one, t'other courts ev'ry man.

SELECTED POETRY.

EPIGRAM.

Qui te videt beatus est,
Beator qui te audiet,
Qui basiat semi-deus est,
Qui te potitur, est Deus !

IMITATED IN ENGLISH.

Happy the youth who thus can gaze
On all thy charms with wild amaze !
Can view the lustre of thine eyes,
And see thy crimson blushes rise !
Where on thy snowy swelling breast,
Love points to everlasting rest.

But happier he, who ravish'd hears
Thy voice, the rival of the spheres !
And, as the melting sounds decay,
In bliss exstatic dies away.

But oh ! what raptures must he prove,
Who hears thee bless his ardent love !

He's more than mortal who can sip
Nectareous honey from thy lip ;
Can kiss that cheek where roses bloom,
Inhale that breath that sheds perfume,
Beyond the fragrance Saba boasts,
Or spicy gales that fan its coasts.

But he who folds thee in his arms,
And feasts on thy transcendent charms,
With thee the live long day can toy
And rove, entranc'd from joy to joy,

Whose high wrought transports meet thy love,
Is more supremely bleſſ'd than Jove.

ANACREONTIC.

BRING the wine, and fill the glass,
Bid the glowing goblet pass,
Banish care and serious thinking,
What has care to do with drinking?
While the heavenly juice we quaff,
Love floats on th' inspiring draught,
Haste thee, boy, the cigars bring,
Let us drink, and smoke, and sing.
As the fragrant perfume flies,
And in air dissolves and dies,
So let care dissolve away,
Till it leave us blythe and gay.
Fair of fairest tell me why,
Askance you turn thy beaming eye,
Why you frown, as thus I sip
Perfume from the cigar's tip?
Does the smoke offend thee? know
Loves on ev'ry *curl* flow,
Cupids play around the room,
Sporting on the rich perfume.
Come then, fair, enjoy with me,
Wit, and wine, and revelry—
Youth's too short for pleasure, pray
Gather *roses* while you may.
Round thy brows a chaplet twine,
Twine thy roses with the vine,
Bring the flagon, haste thee, fill
The foaming goblet—fuller still.
For I would drink and drive from me,
That gloomy fiend, Anxiety,
Let the soft ton'd flute inspire,
Fervent love and soft desire.
Strike the lyre, Oh, strike again,
Still repeat the dulcet strain.

Life is short, and choak'd with care,
Let us of the thorns beware;
Every day and hour employ,
In song, in love, in wine, and joy.

SUMMER.

SEE, the gay morn dispels the shades of night,
And the dark hills with bright effulgence gilds ;
The glowing skies reflect the early light ;
The dew-drop glistens on the verdent fields.

Welcome all nature hails with rapt'rous voice
The glad appearance of the dewy morn,
The tuneful songsters of the groves rejoice,
While glowing tints the varying scenes adorn.

And now, while cool and balmy is the air,
Ere yet the Sun his burning splendor sheds,
I'll to the fragrance-breathing fields repair,
And pluck the flow'rets from the grassy beds.

Lo ! now the Sun resplendent from the skies,
Darts on the oppressed world his fervid ray ;
Bids clouds of dust in whirling eddies rise,
And reigns with burning splendor o'er the day.

Oppress'd with heat, all nature seeks the shade,
Where softly blows the sweet refreshing breeze—
The moss-roof'd grotto in the shelt'ring vale,
The humble cottage, or the spreading trees.

For fierce the Sun darts his meridian beams
Upon the wearied trav'ler's fainting frame ;
Parches the fields, drinks the meand'ring streams,
And o'er all nature sheds his ardent flame.

Life soon would sink beneath his fiery reign,
And fainting nature quickly would expire,

Did not cool breezes fan the heated plain,
By heav'n ordain'd to mitigate his fire—

Did not at times, towards the close of day,
Loud thunders roll, and vivid lightnings glare,
While angry clouds their awful fronts display,
And show'rs descend to purify the air.

How great their terrors ! but how good th' effects !
Tho' their appearance stoutest hearts appal,
'Tis an All-bounteous Hand the storm directs,
And bids it op'rate for the good of all.

Now o'er the plains soft-breathing zephyrs blow,
Reviving nature hails their quick'ning pow'r ;
The setting Sun shines with a milder glow,
While all is humid with the fallen show'r.

Season of heat ! oppressive is thy sway,
To those who're doom'd thro' life to constant toil ;
Who, by their labor, live from day to day,
And reap the produce of the fertile soil.

Yet welcome is thy reign—Command Divine,
Spring, autumn, winter, in their turn ordains,
With heat and lustre bids thy Sun to shine,
To call rich treasures from the fertile plains.

Summer, from thee, what num'rous blessings flow !
What various flow'rs adorn the smiling vale !
With richest fruits thou load'st the bending bough,
And bid'st rich harvests wave with ev'ry gale.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

“ Let the loud thunders roll along the skies,
“ Clad in *my virtue* I the storm despise.”
“ Indeed,” cries Peter, “ how your lot I bless,
“ To be so shelter'd in so *thin* a dress.”

ORIGINAL POETRY.

AN ODE,

To his Excellency the PRESIDENT of the UNITED STATES.

By S. W.

SALVE tu custos columenque rerum
Publicarum, artium maxime & patrona,
Patriæ lumen, libertatis auctor,
JEFFERSON, salve !

Dum rex *Johannes* nuper cerebrosus
Ferreo sceptro populum regnavit ;
Terruit cives legibus inquis ;
Gemuit terra.

Contra tu ramos oleæ protendens,
Dirigis justis populum institutis :
Juris et legum patriæ ad salutem
Flebis habens.

Qualis in natos placidi parentis
Lenitas, talis tibi imo est in cives,
Diligunt qui te colunt et honore
Vindicem juris.

Quantum, Columbia, JEFFERSONI debes,
Testis est onus pauperum levatum ;
Testes sunt nostra debita soluta
Integra fide.

Copiam fandi tutam redidisti et
Civibus erexit pene libertatem :
Cervici jugum impositum revellis
Dextra levanti.

Audet Olympo Virgo jam redire, et
Recreans terras vultum præbet mundo :
Aurei Saturni veniente ætate
Omnia rident.

Mens tibi culta consciaque recti ;
Cor late amicum viris eruditis ;
Generi humano clemens, neque sfernus
Vulgi Querelas.

Cœlitum rector tibi donet vires
Grandia ad incepta perficienda ;
Munera ut alœ libertatis blanda
Sentiant gentes.

Civium ob vitas simul cum fortunis,
Cura servatas tua tam paterna,
Nos sine gratos cingere tibi comam
Civica Quercu.

Nomen æterno revirescet œvo,
Usque dum polo sidera micabunt ;
Aureus dum Sol lucida lustrabit
Lampade terras.

SELECTED POETRY.

ODE,

Written during a severe fit of the Tooth-Ache.

RUTHLESS tormentor ! who, with constant gnawing,
Scoop'st thy dark cavern in my aching grinder,
Like mining Mole—ah, cease thy cruel sawing !
I cannot bear it, as I am a sinner !
It thrills my very brain—it stops my chewing—
And up I bounce in torture from my dinner,
Mad as a March-hare, when the beagles wind her,

And hallooing huntsmen, urging on the pack,
With whip and spur, as hard as they can crack,
O'er hedge and ditch, come galloping behind her.

What crime have I committed, that thy wrath
(Thou Gnome or Salamander of the Devil !)
Should thus pursue me in life's peaceful path,
And plague a jaw that never meant thee evil ?
Speak out, malicious elf !—no !—thou art dumb—
But still thy viper fang, beneath my gum
Keeps working. Well, perhaps a song might charm
thee—
(“ Music has charms to soothe the savage breast ”)—
No ! 'tis in vain—there's nothing can disarm thee
Of that relentless rage which robs my mouth of rest !

Ye Patentees ! who with such pomp and puffing,
Boast of your nostrums in the public papers,
I've tried your dentifrices, tinctures, lotions,
Your opiates, anodynes, composing potions,
And now with grief (e'en should the news be huffing)
Must tell you to your teeth, in open day,
They all proved impotent ! Not the strong vapours
Of black Nicotiana's juice narcotic,
Vollied from the flaming tubes of—British clay,
Could quell, dislodge, or even with dismay
Strike this fell tyrant of the tooth despotic !

Now, Patience, help me in the painful trial !
Ne'er was thy aid requir'd in case more urging—
Ne'er did thy votary need more self-denial !—
Go, Servant ! quickly, and some able surgeon,
With his strong forceps, hither bid repair ;
For I've resolved—nay, almost ta'en my oath,
Altho' to lose my grinder very loth,
That I'll no longer such keen torture bear ;
But, cost whate'er it may, the stubborn foe
Expel by force of arms, and lay his fortress low !

HAFIZ.

THE RISING MOON.

Written in the Night.

NOW Nature sinks to balmy rest,
 And sorrow quits the sighing breast :
 The starting tear forgets to flow,
 The grief-worn breast forgets its woe ;
 While o'er the hills the shadows fly,
 And kindling beams surround the sky ;
 The Moon mounts up her wonted road,
 And throws her borrow'd beams abroad ;
 Just o'er the tops of yonder pines
 She looks, and with effulgence shines ;
 Nor all the strifes that mortals know,
 Can plant a frown upon her brow ;
 And tho' a cloud obstructs her ray,
 It soon recoils and flies away,
 While she, like some exalted mind,
 Smiles at the wrangles of mankind ;
 And looks upon the wretched sty,
 The cottage low, and palace high, }
 With the same benevolent eye.
 The tap'ring shadows shorter grow,
 As up she mounts the arched bow ;
 Eclipseing as she moves along
 The twinkling stars she roves among,
 And on a western cloud she throws
 The fainter tinges of the rose ;
 While softly fans the evening breeze,
 Young Zephyr shakes the leafy trees ;
 And buzzing insects here and there
 Fill with their notes the cooling air.
 The night for contemplation's made,
 And fills with thoughts the empty head ;
 She points to rolling worlds afar,
 And speaks a GOD in ev'ry star.

EPITAPH *On a very Idle Fellow.*

HERE lieth one that once was born and cried,
 Liv'd several years, and then—and then—he died.

POETRY.

COMMUNICATED FOR THE MEDLEY.

THE SPARROW, HAWK, and BUTTERFLY.

IN Æsop's days, when birds could chat,
And judge the right of this or that,
And insects then, as well as man,
The merit of each action scan.

A Sparrow once, who sought a place
Of safety, from the Hawk in chace,
Fainting, a snug retreat he spies,
To which, with force reviv'd, he flies ;
And while a fearful view he cast
On danger that was scarcely past,
In piteous, sad, lamenting strains,
Of his hard lot he thus complains—
“ Unhappy me ! how sad the state,
“ In which I here am plac'd by fate ;
“ Sure scenes of danger still attend,
“ Which way foe'er my flight I bend ;
“ But worst of all, this monster here,
“ This cannibal, the most I fear.
“ 'Tis strange that there should live 'mong birds,
“ (But vain alas ! my plaintive words)
“ A wretch, whose sole delight's to kill,
“ And blood of innocents to spill ;
“ For me, for ever I renounce
“ The cruelties that pleas'd me once—
“ For this retreat a vow I make,
“ (Which may I die whene'er I break)
“ No more to taste of insect's blood,
“ But grain shall be my only food.
“ Let savage Hawks still thirst for gore ;
“ But I'll defile my beak no more.”
His protestation having done,
And thinking now the Hawk was gone,

He plum'd his wing, and peeping out,
 To see no danger lurk'd about.
 Prepar'd again to take his flight,
 His bosom beaming with delight.
 As thus he stood, a Butterfly,
 In life's gay pride came flutt'ring by.
 'The danger o'er, too like mankind!
 His virtuous thoughts he gave the wind—
 All former fears were fled away.
 He issued forth, and seiz'd his prey ;
 The victim strait, with mournful cries,
 In vain to urge his mercy tries.
 " O spare ! O spare my innocence,
 " Who ne'er to you have giv'n offence !"
 The Sparrow cries, with cruel taunt,
 " Put not on me your pitious cant ;
 " Your being destin'd for my prey,
 " Gives me a cause of death each day—
 " Therefore prepare to die, make haste,
 " For I no longer time will waste."
 The Butterfly, with fear, once more,
 Did trembling, for his life implore—
 " O mercy shew, or you may want
 " That mercy now you will not grant."
 " Die," cry'd the Sparrow, " spare your breath ;"
 Then with a gripe he seal'd his death.
 At th' instant, lo ! the Hawk return'd,
 Whose breath with inward fury burn'd ;
 Who not far off the scene had stay'd,
 And the whole action well survey'd—
 Like lightning darting on his prey,
 He bore him instantly away.
 For mercy quick the Sparrow cry'd,
 Which justly thus the Hawk deny'd.
 " How can'st thou, villain, hope to gain
 " That mercy fu'd of you in vain !
 " This instant die—" he said no more,
 But strait the wretch in pieces tore.
 Learn that great maxim to pursue,
 To do as you'd be done unto.

H. A.

COMMUNICATED BY P. W.

THE sun when arising bespangles the dew,
And tints with its glory the skies ;
All nature's in motion, how charming the view,
When day is beginning to rise.

The morning is lovely, Maria awake,
Let us haste to the Myrtle alcove ;
Or stray by the side of a chrystaline lake,
While the morn is inviting to love.

Did thy thoughts turn on me in thy dreams in the
Did I e'er to thy fancy appear ? [night ?
Did no fond idea thy bosom delight ?
Maria, unfold to my ear.

Unseen and unheard, you may tell to me now,
Not a witness is near but the dove ;
Who mourns for its mate on the Olive tree high,
While the morn is inviting to love.

The Winter, Maria, will come on apace,
As the Summer begins to depart ;
Come then in my bosom, a confidence place,
And speak the fond wish of my heart.

Oh ! let us my fair be united to day,
Let us haste to the church in the grove ;
Nor let us the pleasing occasion delay,
While the morn is inviting to love.



EPIGRAM.

To John I ow'd great obligation ;
But John unhappily thought fit
To publish it to all the nation :
Sure John and I are more than quit.

The following lines of the eminently ingenious and pious DR. DODDRIDGE, addressed to his "Wife's "Bosom," are a more forcible plea for marriage, than are a hundred libertine arguments against it.

OPEN, open, lovely breast,
Lull my weary head to rest ;
Soft and warm, and sweet and fair,
Balmy antidote to care.
Fragrant source of sure delight,
Downy couch of welcome night,
Ornament of rising day,
Always constant, always gay !

In this gentle calm retreat,
All the train of graces meet ;
Truth, and innocence, and love,
From this temple ne'er remove.
Sacred virtue's worthiest shrine,
Art thou here, and art thou mine ?
Wonder, gratitude and joy,
Blest vicissitude ! employ
Every moment, every thought,
Crowds of cares are long forgot.

Open, open, beauteous breast,
Angels here might seek their rest.

Cæsar, fill thy shining throne,
A nobler seat I call my own.
Here I reign with boundless sway,
Here I triumph night and day ;
Spacious empire ! glorious power !
Mine of inexhausted store !

Let the wretched love to roam,
Joy and I can live at home.

Open, open, balmy breast,
Into raptures waken rest.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE MEDLER.

O D E

Addressed by a Physician to his Horse.

YES, RATTLER, yes, to you my faithful drudge,
The muse shall dedicate the tuneful lay,
Resolv'd a grateful tribute, without grudge,
To your acknowledg'd services to pay.

Thou partner of my Æsculapean labors,
Though yet a stranger to the voice of fame,
Not *Rozinante* to the muse's favors,
Nor fam'd *Bucephalus* had equal claim.

The first gain'd fame, because a fool bestrode him,
Romantic *Quixote*, as *Cervantes* feigns---
The last, because a scoundrel blood-hound rode him
Around the world, to knock out people's brains !

But ere the muse for you would claim such praise,
As these vile nags, or more vile riders got,
She'd let your name, together with her lays,
In some dark corner of oblivion rot.

Yet as thou art from Spanish blood descended,
And folly only soil'd *Don Quixote*'s crown,
A spice of which, full well I know, is blended
In every heart---excepting not my own---

You might claim kindred with the Spanish Don,
Without a blush of shame, or fear of evil---
But with the jackanapes of Macedon---
I'd rather you'd claim kindred with the Devil.

No, be a jester, nobler glory your's,
Not empty fame, like these poor antique pinnies,
Which is to your's as farthings are to guineas---
But praise which usefulness alone proc'ces.

A praise, if not so loud, a longer laſter,
 A praise, divided 'twixt you and your master,
 A master who, could he but have his will,
 No life would torture, nor no creature kill ;
 Whose humane wiſh (ah ! could a wiſh effect it)
 Wou'd leave no mortal poor or unprotected---
 Who would not, (though like you unknown to fame)
 Do wrong, to gain a Cæſar's name.

Let others, then, ſeek fame, (both man and horſe)
 In wrongs, in cruelties, in war, in blood---
 For fame be traitors, villains, devils---wouſe---
 Be we ambitious only to be good.

Let *Sawney* and *Bucephalus* a killing
 Men, woman, children, roam the world about ;
 Content us with the god-like art of healing,
 Infuse new health and drive diseases out.

Let *Quixote* and his pacing *Rozinante*,
 Encounter wind-mills, giants---castles storm,
 Let modern *Quixotes* ape the knight *la Mancha*,
 Deaf to the voice of reaſon and reform---

While we, content, an humbler course pursue,
 A doctor I, t' attend my pills and reading---
 An honest man---an honest gelding you,
 T' attend ('tis all you ought to do) your feeding.

But man, fell tyrant, whom no laws restrain,
 With whip and spur, with saddle, bit and rein,
 Usurps your liberty, t' increase his leisure,
 And ſerve the purpose of his pride and pleafure,
 Convine'd by interest, vanity and pride,
 That Heav'n created you for him to ride---
 Nor justice, nor compassion will he ſhew,
 But pays your faithful labours with a blow !

But wonder not man thus ſhould ride your kind,
 Or think them ſolely for his uſe design'd---
 When with a cruelty to hell unknown,
 He rides, he tortures and enſlaves his own.

Yes, Rattler, man's this tyrant, well I ween,
 This cruel tyrant o'er both men and horses---
 A foul compound of cruelty and spleen,
 Who feeds on groans and tears, and blood and bones !

But cheer my lad ; don't fear me, though my *nose*
 And *trunk erect*, bespeak the tyrant breed,
 I'll hurt thee not---my heart no fierceness knows---
 My nature shudders at so-foul a deed.

Though custom spreads her syren foils,
 And draws me with her iron claws along,
 To acts at which my soul recoils,
 Still custom ne'er shall cause me to do wrong :

Nor do I speak the language of command---
 But as your brother "tenant of the shade,"
 With mutual wants---thus shall our contract stand---
 "Give me thy labour and receive my aid."

I too will grant you, tho' 'twill swell your pride,
 (But truth by me shall never be deny'd)---
 That nature equal all her children made,
 That man from force and cunning only draws,
 And not from reason's or from nature's laws,
 His flimsey right, your freedom to invade.

Equally free by nature---so of course,
 'Tis as agreeable to nature's plan,
 To see a horse a-straddle of a man,
 As see a man a-straddle of a horse.
 Man's self pre-eminence all springs from pride ;
 A horse has like and equal right to ride---
 But to all horses' honor be it known,
 Horses such acts of cruelty disown.

Man boasts of reason and of immortality,
 And to evince, poor fool, his rationality,
 To horses (creatures oft more good and wise)
 He immortality and sense denies :
 And why ? for this good reason, to be sure,
 His pride such relatives cannot endure,

And too, forsooth, because they cannot walk
 Bolt upright on too legs like him, and talk---
 Prate learnedly of rhomboids and elipses---
 Sail in balloons or calculate eclipses.

Reason's to man a pregnant source of woe ;
 For to each boasted pow'r of mind,
 A thousand miseries are join'd,
 Which less enlighten'd species never know ;
 Then do not envy him his mental whim ;
 Your case should rather envy raise in him.

Do you want reason ? little need you care,
 While healthy, happy, innocent you are ;
 Leave man his science, crimes, disases, art,
 Not worth the meanest virtue of your heart,
 And give God thanks (as we believe most wise is)
 That you're without his reason and his vices.

But, Rattler, now the muse shall take her leave,
 Hoping you will this ode receive
 In token of her most sincere regard---
 And eke as interest for much corn and hay,
 She owns is due, though not prepar'd to pay---
 Poor poets can with *only* verse reward.

I know I've promis'd you much better times,
 And better feeding too, than flimsey rhymes,
 Nor shall I now these promises renew ;
 I only beg indulgent you would tarry,
 Until I settle me---until I marry---
 And then I swear I'll pay you every *sous* :
 Yes all, with int'rest, double'd and compounded,
 Nor long you'll have to wait, if I judge right,
 For love my heart has deeply, deeply wounded,
 And beauty, goodness, innocence invite.

—*—*—*—
 EPIGRAM.....*On the Death of a Noted KNAVE.*

IF Heaven be pleas'd when sinners cease to sin,
 If Hell be pleas'd when sinners enter in,
 If Earth be pleas'd, freed from a truckling knave,
 Then all are pleas'd....the villain's in his grave.

POETRY.

SONG.

A MID the rage of battle's strife
I only felt my Nancy's fears,
A ND if I wish'd to save my life,
'Twas but to spare thy precious tears ;
F OR when the deep-mouth'd cannons roar'd,
And light'ning gleam'd on ev'ry sword,
W HEN patt'ring bulletts round me pour'd,
Oh then I thought of thee,
Sweet girl !
Oh then I thought of thee !

Escap'd the dangers of the field,
On ocean's bosom homewards borne,
The fav'ring breeze, at first so mild,
Soon to a dreadful storm did turn.
Now sunk below—now mounting high—
“ We're lost !—we're lost ! ”—the sailors cry ;
Yet when destruction thus was nigh,
Then most I thought of thee, &c.

But morning came and gentler gales,
And hope again our bosoms cheer'd :
Gaily we trimm'd our tatter'd sails,
Our native coast at length appear'd—
Of parents, brothers, sisters there,
Of friends not seen for many a year,
I thought :—But thou wert far more dear
Than all I thought of them, &c.

For me ! —I ne'er was happy long.—
Our native land before our eyes,
A hostile vessel, treble strong,
Made us an unresisting prize.
In the dark hold a captive thrown,

All my fond hopes at once were flown,
And life was fed by love alone,
For still I thought of thee, &c.

Soon landed on the hostile shore,
And on parole allow'd to roam,
Hope fill'd my faithful breast once more
With thoughts of thee—of love and home.
Though worn by grief and toils of war,
And though my forehead bore this scar,
My person pleas'd a lady fair,
But still I thought of thee, &c.

“ Soldier,” said she, “ no longer pine,
“ To-morrow’s dawn shall set thee free !
“ Accept my hand—my heart is thine,
“ And all my wealth I give to thee.”
Could I abuse this generous fair ?
My heart was there—my love sincere ;
I scorn’d a falsehood to declare,
For still I thought of thee, &c.

Then frankly to the noble dame
I told the story of my loves :
I said—“ My Nancy feels the flame,
“ And equal pangs her bosom proves.”
I shew’d thy picture at my breast,
And to my lips the image prest ;
She sigh’d, with flighted love oppress’d,
For still I thought of thee, &c.

“ Go then,” she said, “ and happy prove,
“ As truth and constancy deserve ;
“ And though another claims your love,
“ Yet for my sake this ring preserve.”
A purse of gold—a passport too,
The generous fair one did bestow ;
My tears of gratitude did flow,
Yet still I thought of thee, &c.

I thought of thee—of joy and bliss,
 And all that love can here impart ;
 I flew to meet thy glowing kiss,
 Such as at parting thrill'd my heart :—
 I came but found thy venal charms
 Sold to a richer lover's arms.
 Again I'll rush 'midst war's alarms,
 And think no more of thee,
 False girl !
 And think no more of thee !

TO BELLES.

TO hide your arms, or *bosoms fair*,
 Is not so great surprize ;
 As that with locks of curling hair,
 You even hide your eyes.

Th' expression of the countenance,
 In them entirely lies ;
 And yet with flowing locks of hair,
 You hide your *charming eyes*.

And can you think, that curling hair,
 With them in beauty vies ?
 Ah no ! it only serves to hide,
 The *splendor of your eyes*.

Just as the sun, “ shorn of his beams,”
 Looks gloomy at the rise ;
 So thro' the intervening hair,
 Appears your *shining eyes*.

As hidden treasure ; or as gold,
 Deep in the mine that lies ,
 As diamonds in the miser's chest :
 So are your *hidden eyes*.

Your beaux and lovers all declare,
 There's nothing that they prize,
 More than an unobscur'd survey
 Of your *expressive eyes*.

Then why—(when all the gentlemen
 This horrid mode despise ;)
 Why will you hide with locks of hair,
 The *beauty of your eyes* ?

—:—
LOVE AND FOLLY.
 —:—

LOVE and **FOLLY** were at play,
 Both too wanton to be wise ;
 They fell out, and in the fray,
 Folly put out Cupid's eyes.

Straight the criminal was tried,
 Had his punishment assign'd ;
FOLLY should to **LOVE** be tied,
 And condemn'd to lead the blind.

—:—
TO SUSAN.
 —:—

THEY tell me love's a transient flame,
 Just kept alive by beauty's ray,
 As fleeting as the breath of fame,
 Which meets the ear, then dies away.

But if to beauty sense be join'd,
 Secure the hallow'd flame shall rest,
 Tho' time, and fell disease, combin'd,
 Affay to force it from the breast ;

As we then tread the vale of life,
 Our souls in unison shall move,
 Who most can please be all our strife,
 And rivet thus the chains of love.

B. A. C. H.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

—
FOR THE MEDLEY.

—
AN ODE,

ADDRESSED TO A WHIP.

THOU instrument of vengeance ! whence doth flow
Half the tortures hapless mortals know,
Thou tool of tyrants and of hell accurst,
Say, how 'came man acquainted with you first ?

Some late philosophers, I know, maintain,
That cruelty is natural to man,
But sure he deviates from Nature's plan,
Who loves to give a fellow creature pain ;
And that the weak should suffer by the strong,
Is also as unnat'ral as 'tis wrong.

Sure then to earth, thou monster fell,
By devils hast been bro't from hell,
To pour thy hellish scorpions on each back,
And put our joys and pleasures to the rack,
Whilst vengeance, pain, and cruelty are hurl'd,
From thy damn'd magazine around the world !

This is, foul imp, thy hated pedigree—
Nor need thy parents blush to own a son,
Who to their names have so much honor done,
(In wrongs and turpitude if *bonor* be)
For all, without exception, must confess,
That thou surpass them both in wickedness !

Well I remember when a boy at school,
Where an imperious pedagogue did rule,
Oft hoisted, trembling, on a school boy's back,
Wriggling and kicking, with posteriors bare,
In spite of cries, and tears, and sobs, and pra'y'r,
I felt thy agony-inflicting crack !

Then from my soul I curst you child of evil,
And wish'd both you and pedant at the devil.

Yes imp, and often in those youthful times,
My back by you has grievously been scor'd,
For guiltless sports, by children much ador'd,
But which my parents tortur'd into crimes—
Then have I felt thy tyrant-lash on Monday,
For catching little birds in traps on Sunday—
My parents being resolv'd that you should be
Umpire in all disputes 'twixt heav'n and me.
And monster, 'tis most firmly my opinion,
That thou hadst murder'd me outright,
So great thy cruelty and spite,
Hadn't manhood put an end to thy dominion ;
But since that era has arriv'd,
And you of *fright'ning* forms depriv'd,
I for your *last* (which us'd my soul to awe,
And flesh to crucify) care not a straw.

But tho' *I* have escap'd thy lashes, ketches,
Which now I can behold without a panic,
Millions, alas ! of poor unhappy wretches,
Are daily tortur'd by thy scourge satanic !

View *Afric's sons*, thou mis'ry-loving elf,
By tyrants fell in slav'ry foul entangled,
And scourg'd and mammock'd, slay'd and mangled,
Like they were void of feeling as thy self.
Methinks I hear them cry in doleful tones,
Oft interrupted by deep groans----

“ O gracious God ! what crimes have we committed,
“ Too great alas ! to be by heav'n remitted,
“ To thus intail on us such fell disasters ?
“ Or how good God, can we have meritted,
“ To be like victims bound, and slay'd and ferited,
“ By an inhuman set of tyrant-masters ?

“ Has God given *whites* a *property in blacks*,
“ With privilege at will to scourge their backs ?
“ Have not the *last* a *like* and *equal* claim
“ To *life*, to *liberty*, and *safe abode*.

" To ev'ry blessing nature has bestow'd;
 " When sim'lar ev'ry organ of their frame?
 " Like sense and reason too, to each are giv'n----
 " Then why not be in like esteem with heaven?
 " Does heav'n a predilection own for white?
 " Does it in wrongs and cruelties delight?
 " If not, what reason can the whites produce,
 " To prove the blacks created for their use?
 " Or, if a preference must obtain,
 " Why blacks should not that pref'rence gain?

 " Master and slave are terms of man's invention,
 " There's no such words in Nature's nomenclature;
 " For she, kind dame, with most humane intention,
 " Made free and equal ev'ry human creature:
 " But man, whom neither right nor reason awes,
 " Reverses Nature's salutary laws;
 " Aiming, proud elf, at unrestrain'd dominion;
 " And as a shark doth smaller fishes seize on,
 " Man preys on man, and for a shark-like reason---
 " Viz. pow'r---for pow'r gives right in his opinion."

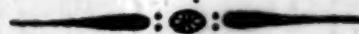
Thus imp, do reason those unhappy wretches,
 Condemn'd to endless slavery and pain,
 Devoted victims of thy bloody reign,
 O'er whom thy scourge of mis'ry daily stretches!
 And sure much cause have they to make a riot,
 Who wrongfully thy torture undergo----
 Their reas ons, too are just---thyself cannot deny it.
 If thy fell heart did truth or justice know---

But justice, like compassion, is a jewel,
 Which makes no part of thy compound,
 But just like man, a fell bloodhound----
 Thou'rt as unjust as thou art cruel,
 But tho' fierce man should for his consort choose you,
 And cut and slash and make a riot,
 Chasing our happiness and quiet---
 Yet why, oh ! why should lovely Woman use you !
 But cursed imp, I'm sorry to confess,
 I wish the charming sex did use you less !
 The fair design'd in love's soft lap to dandle,
 And all by softness, gentleness engage,

It ill befits thy hydra form to handle,
With fiend-like passion, cruelty and rage!

The fair, the end of whose creation
Is joy and pleasure to bestow ;
Give love and friendship animation,
And make a Paradise below !

Yet imp, thy artifice is such—
But cease my Muse, thy verse reserve,
The elf does not thy song deserve,
Thou hast already sung too much—
So bid his devilship adieu,
And some less odious theme pursue.



SELECTED POETRY.

SONG.

STILL, still this ardent bosom glows
With hopeless Love's consuming fires ;
My watchful eyes no slumbers close,
And life in secret pangs expires.

As one vast furnace burns my breast,
Pure as the bright but distant fair,
Whose sacred image, deep imprest,
Kindles th' eternal tumult there.

In the dark grave's oblivious womb
I'll headlong plunge, and lose my care ;
Ope wide thy jaws, thou friendly tomb !
And shield a lover from despair.

But hence, ye gloomy doubts, away !
'Tis STELLA meets my longing eyes ;
Her radiant looks restore the day,
Her smile transports to Paradise.

W. H. Brewster

1880

Mass.